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DRAWER 212

POETS

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning S-So

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

A King

We talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
His armies to victory led.
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest? .
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When "No" came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then with a start,
"He wasn't a king—outside," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."

—St. Nicholas.

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

Lincoln, Soul of Freedom

By Harold A. Sandstrom

Lincoln, soul of freedom, give us men to carry on;
Rest? We know you cannot rest while trouble brews through-
out your home;
Charge God-fearing men with spirit you possessed and won—
Rest then, Patriotic Saviour, for you will not be alone.

Lincoln, soul of freedom, take from us all evil thought;
Cleanse our leaders, men of power, show them which is right
and wrong;
Then as peaceful family where Brotherhood is wrought
Clouds of bondage, clouds of war will vanish by your freedom
song!

Boston Post 2-12-40

THE LINCOLN ANECDOTE.

~ ~

Another Lincoln anecdote
The writer sat him down and wrote.

He sent the story to his brother,
Who sat him down and wrote another.

He sent the couple to his cousin,
Who sat him down and wrote a dozen.

Their uncle saw the bunch and wondered,
But sat him down and wrote a hundred.

Then grandpa, mid his fancy browsin',
He sat him down and wrote a thousand.

And thus the Lincoln anecdotes
Have multiplied like sheep or shoats.

Well, since the people still demand 'em,
I reckon Father Abe can stand 'em.

T. SAPP, JR.



L I N C O L N

*Taught by primeval voices of the wilds,
This Titan's universal soul perceived
Beyond the hate and misery of man,
The promised land,
And with the vision of a seer gave he
To a despairing world, his creed:*

*"With malice toward none
And charity for all."*

*The only creed
To free humanity of strife.*

Herbert Sartori

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Schaub, Elva Adams

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN

"Her jet black dress was painted gold"

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN

Her jet-black dress was painted gold
By fireplace flames that leaped for joy,
While tiny candles traced the stitches
In a comfort for her boy.

Today, the Weaver of all good things
In silver silence begins to sew,
And softly now, in the old churchyard,
Wraps her in a blanket of snow.

ELVA ADAMS SCHAUß.

Yellow Springs, O.

Elva Adams Schaub
2/10/13

THE NATION'S LOSS.

APRIL 15TH, 1865.

Oh woe! oh woe! oh woe!
 What awful sudden blow
 Has changed to funeral moans our songs of exulta-
 tion!
 But yesterday so bright,
 To-day in darkest night
 Are quenched the blazing lights of joy's illumination,
 We stagger to and fro,
Ourselves struck by the blow
 Of this most vile, most foul, most fell assassination.
 The truth to credit slow,
 We ask: *Can it be so?*
 Is he indeed laid low,
 The ruler wise and firm, and faithful of this nation?

Oh grievous, grievous loss!
 Oh heavy, heavy cross!
 This orphaned nation's heart is tottering, reeling
 under!
 From a smiling azure sky,
 In the twinkling of an eye,
 Down crashed the fearful bolt that cleft our Head
 asunder.
 Alas! now shattered lies
 That Head so calm and wise
 Alike for goodness famed, for strength and modera-
 tion;
 With eyes that tears bedim,
 With hearts full to the brim,
 We lose, we mourn in him
 Alike with Washington, a Father of this Nation.

• Oh horrid, horrid crime,
 Bred in the foulest slime
 Of Slavery's loathsome pool, all rotting with stagna-
 tion!
 Oh, dastard, dastard crime,
 Unheard of in this clime,
 Whose men wage open war, but scorn assassination.
 Oh senseless, senseless crime,
 Committed at a time
 Of reawakening hopes of peace and conciliation!
 Alas! what dost thou gain?
 In fury blind, insane,
 The mild one thou hast slain,
 A sterner now will reign
 And thou hast roused again
 The slumbering thunderbolts of Wrath's retaliation.

But, nation deeply howed,
 Be all thy grief allowed,
 Allowed be too thy wrath, thy righteous indignation!
 But, like thy martyred chief,
 Temper thy wrath and grief
 With noble self-control and generous moderation.
Be just! give each his due,
 Let those be slain who slew,
 Be blood for blood the fair and lawful reparation!
 But, Justice satisfied,
 Let Wisdom be thy guide,
 Keep Mercy at thy side,
 Finish thy sacred task, *our Union's restoration.*

Then from the firmament
 Will he whom we lament,
 Our nation's martyred saint,
 Wearing a golden crown,
 Benevolently look down
 And let his blessing rest for aye upon his nation.
 EMMANUEL VITALIS SCHERB,
 From Switzerland.

THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN

Today I walked on soil where
Lincoln walked
And stood where he once watched
the changing skies.
I moved within the rooms where
he once talked,
The rooms and halls where his
laughs and sighs
Still live; where to the God of all
he prayed.
Here Robert, Tad, and little Willie grew
And heard their father using words
he weighed
Five times or six, to test them,
feel them true,
Until they too could sense the woe or joy
He often felt so keenly for the nation;
And yet as surely as he taught each boy
The joyous power of words thru his
elation,
He grew himself, not knowing how
one grows;
He only knew one often reaps that
which one sows.

Evelyn Schmidt

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1952

Humility Lies Enshrined

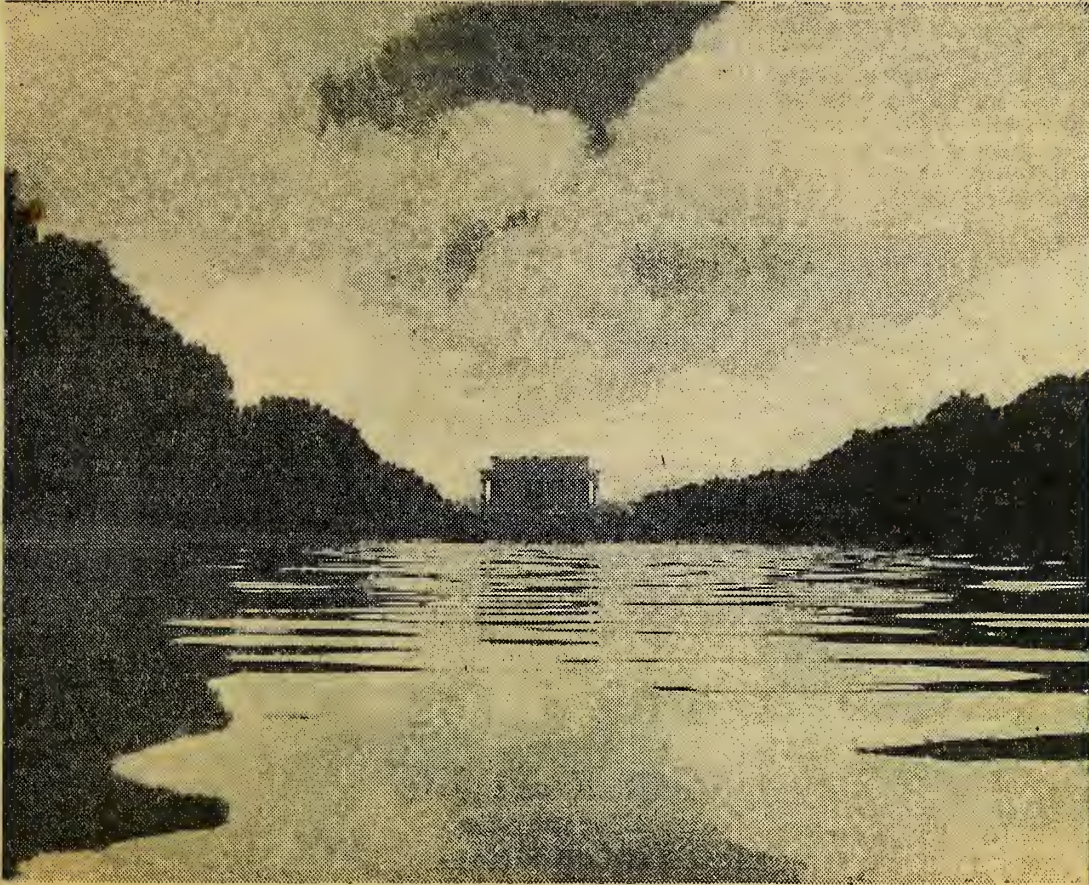


Photo and Tribute by Frank A. Schuerger

LINCOLN MEMORIAL

This pile of stone which humble men have built,	The silvery reflecting pool mirrors the majesty
How magnificent, yet how small in stature	Of the memorial in many shapes and shades
When compared with the giant who gave his life	Just as his life reflects the greatness of his aim
Without regret to help keep a nation united.	Of freedom and equality of opportunity for everyone.
How cold the classic beauty and splendor of the shrine	The nation, the whole world wept when an assassin's
When compared with his gentleness and warmth.	Bullet ended his time on earth all too soon.
He would have stood in humility before it	Surely the world will long remember his words
Just as he, in white marble, now sits in humility,	Inscribed on the wall, and the nation has resolved
Towering over all in that grand hall so silent.	That he, too, "shall not have died in vain."

LEADERS LIKE LINCOLN

He's pointing to America—

Alas, they cannot see

The spirit of Abe Lincoln in

His vast eternity.

The liberated countries in

Their petty civil wars,

The fog from war too dense as yet

For them to see the stars!

He's pointing to America,

Where staunch and strong it stands;

He's pointing to America

On march in other lands.

He's pointing to a Georgia lad,

Arms linked with one from Maine;

His lips are forming "one"—yes, one,

Where Lincoln's shawl has lain!

Oh, would that Lincoln's might emerge,

Each country to unite,

When comes the battle for the peace,

And ends the simpler fight!

MRS. A. SCHUMACHER.

Brookville, O.

2/12/48 Dayton, Ohio

Schuster, Ad

OTHER FELLOW

By Ad Schuster

Chelmsford, Mass. Tribune

LINCOLN 2-12-52

I see him in the village store
And feel again surprise:
There's all the past and future
In his deep-set brooding eyes.
I hear him telling stories
And may wonder at his choice
But am caught in bonds of kin-
ship
By a something in his voice.
We sent him off to Congress
And some there were who
jeered:
But more there were who loved
him.
And more there were who
cheered.
We gave him times of crisis,
Great causes to defend;
He gave his life, a martyr—
His soul remains a friend.

When we were very young, we
lived on the fringe of the Lin-
coln country in Illinois. Nearby
was ground over which the
Blackhawk war was fought and
a few miles to the West was
Freeport where one of the Lin-
coln-Douglas debates was held.

In those days there were many
oldtimers who remembered Lin-
coln; many men who fought in
the Civil War. These elders told
stories of Lincoln and with repe-
tition their acquaintance with
the man grew more intimate.
Those who had but seen him
came to think they had known
him well and had been, in fact,
old friends. We don't remember
the stories, but do recall the
notes of affection, even rever-
ence, which came into the voices
of the narrators. And, of course,
we had some who really did
know Lincoln. They were easily
our proudest citizens.

LINCOLN

Words, and yet more words,
More than Time can count,
Vain, expended herds
That crowd athirst
At his fount.
My own words shall be few
Since there is nothing new
That can be said—
He died; but is not dead†
With his anointed name
Time has no span
For the vigil flame—
The Torch of Faith
In God and man!

WILLIAM M. SCHUYLER.

Scollard, Clinton

LINCOLN

"Here is a face --"

ED, THURSDAY, FEBRU

LINCOLN.

The Face of Lincoln.

Here is a face upon which men may see
The hushed austerity that nature wears
At touch of twilight, brooding on the
cares

Of bygone days and of the days to be;
And yet which bears the clear tranquillity
Of one whose youth has breathed sweet
prairie airs,

Or followed firm behind the ploughman's
shares,

Or trodden leafy forest ways and free.

The forehead tells of mastery; a mind
Which, holding life a thing inscrutable,
Kept faith and hope forever sentinel;
The furrowed cheeks, the locked lips sor-
row lined,

Betray a will the nation knew so well,
And deep eyes show a love for all man-
kind.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

N. Y. Herald - 2/12/20

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
MONITOR

On a Bust of Lincoln

This was a man of mighty mould
Who walked erewhile our earthly
ways,

Fashioned as leaders were of old
In the heroic days!

Mark how austere the rugged height
Of brow—a will not made to bend!
Yet in the eyes behold the light
That made the foe a friend!

Sagacious he beyond the test
Of quibbling schools that praise or
ban;

Supreme in all the broadest, best,
We hail American. . . .

—Clinton Scollard.

THE FACE OF LINCOLN

From the New York Sun and Herald.

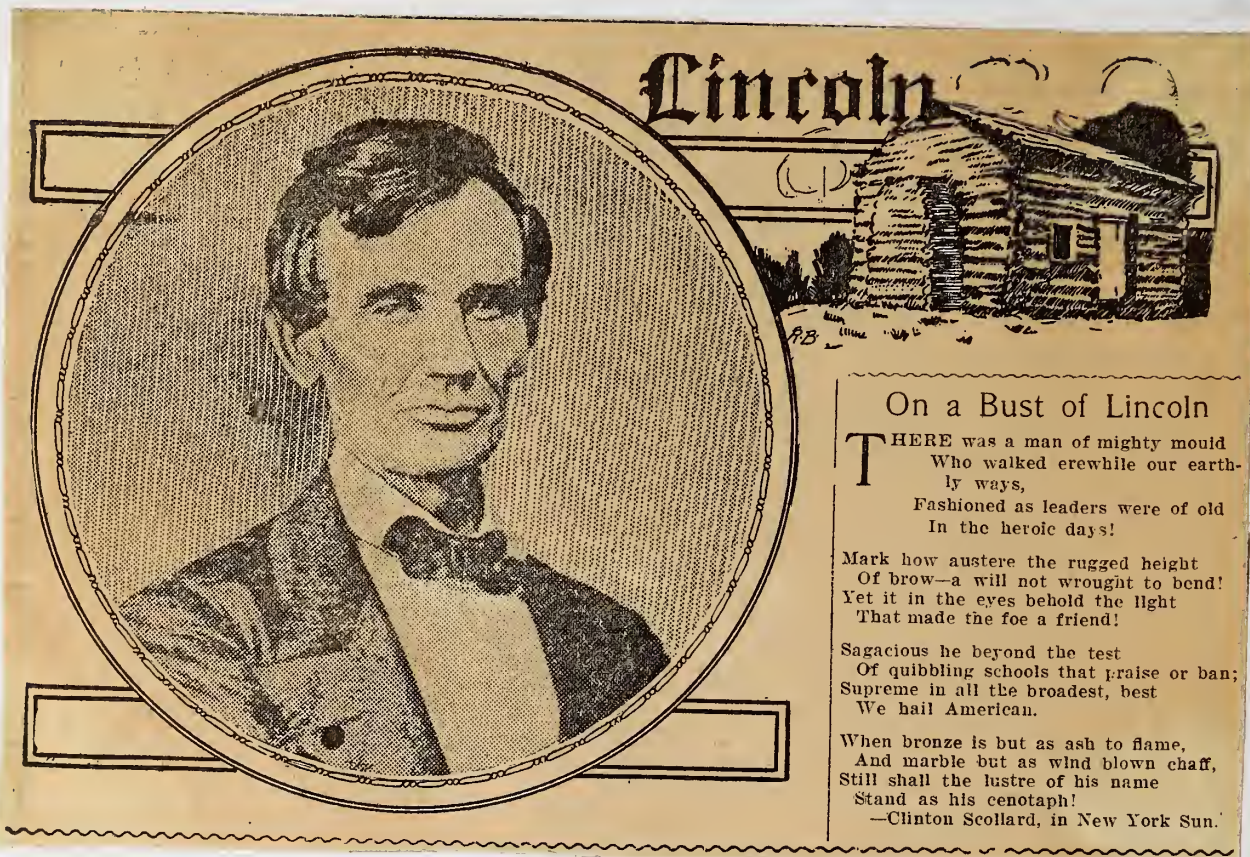
Here is a face upon which men may see
The hushed austerity that nature wears
At touch of twilight, brooding on the eaves
Of bygone days and of the days to be;
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Of one whose youth has breathed sweet
prairie airs.

Or followed firm behind the plowman's
shares,
Or trodden leafy forest ways and free.

The forehead tells of mastery; a mind
Which, holding life a thing inscrutable,
Kept faith and hope forever sentinel;
The furrowed cheeks, the locked lips sorrow
lined,

Betray a will the nation knew so well,
And deep eyes show a love for all mankind.
Phil Put. Ledger Clinton Scollard.

2/3/20



On a Bust of Lincoln.

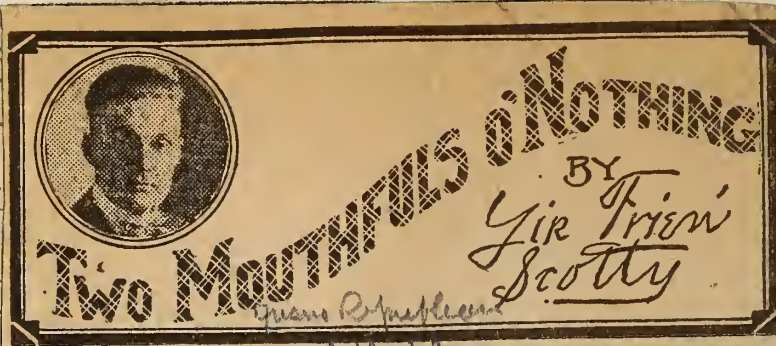
This was a man of mighty mold
Who walked erewhile our earthly ways,
Fashioned as leaders were of old
In the heroic days!

Mark how austere the rugged height.
Of brow—a will not made to bend!
Yet in the eyes behold the light
That made the foe a friend!

Sagacious he beyond the test
Of quibbling schools that praise or ban;
Supreme in all the broadest, best,
We hail American. * * *

—Clinton Scollard.

*Kansas City Journal
Feb 12, 1892*



Abraham Lincoln

Love is a wondrous thing;
 Mankind forgets
 The blood-stained glory
 Of great battle lords;
 Forgets adventurous ones
 Who sailed uncharted seas
 Or pushed their way
 Through unknown lands;
 Forgets all those
 Who proudly stood
 In forums of the world
 And placed the imprint
 Of their master minds
 Upon far-reaching laws;
 All those who fashioned,
 From inventive minds,
 Cunning contrivances
 To benefit mankind.
 What now is Alexander,
 Caesar and Attila,
 Bonaparte and Grant?
 What now Columbus,
 Livingstone and Stanley,
 Clark and Lewis,
 Perry, Shackleton?
 What mighty Cromwell,
 Gladstone, Pitt and Fox,
 Cruel Robespierre,
 Hamilton and Patrick Henry,
 Clay and Webster?
 They only live
 On the printed page
 Of musty books.
 The lives they lived,
 What deeds they did,
 What paths of glory,
 Music gladdened by acclaim
 Of cheering multitudes,
 They traveled on
 Are all forgotten now;
 They had all things
 That men who lead must have
 Save this one thing of love,

And lacking that
 They all missed immortality.
 The gentle Christ had love
 And while men live
 He'll be with them
 Each circle of the sun,
 And Lincoln had it
 And when eyes are turned
 To see the sun sink down
 For the last time
 And ears attuned
 To hear the last blast
 Of Gabriel's trumpet
 The memory of Lincoln
 Will be fresh and sweet.
 He was the brother
 Of the whole wide world.
 He loved all men
 Of every race
 And every color.
 From tender heart of him
 Came gentle impulse
 To bind up skillfully
 The wounds of war;
 To lay soft hands
 Of kind compassion
 On the fevered brows
 Of those laid low
 With ills of anger;
 To bind anew
 The raveled threads
 Of friendship's bonds;
 To build new hope up
 In those weary hearts
 Where hope had died.
 God has some scheme of things
 We may not fathom,
 But this shines brightly,
 That, from time to time,
 He sends to us
 Some more than man
 To teach us all that love
 Is a most wondrous thing.

YIR FRIEN' SCOTTY PHILOSOPHIZES

Abraham Lincoln Loved Mankind

Love is a wondrous thing;
Mankind forgets
The blood-stained glory
Of great battle lords,
Forgets adventurous ones
Who sailed uncharted seas
Or pushed their way
Through unknown lands.
Forgets all those
Who proudly stood
In forums of the world
And placed the imprint
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Upon far-reaching laws.
All those who fashioned
From inventive minds,
Cunning contrivances
To benefit mankind.
What now is Alexander,
Caesar and Attila,
Bonaparte and Wilhelm?
What now Columbus,
Livingstone and Stanley,
Peary, Shackleton?
What mighty Cromwell,
Gladstone, Pitt and Fox,
Cruel Robespierre,
Hamilton and Patrick Henry?
They only live
On the discolored page
Of musty books.
What lives they lived,
What deeds they did,
What paths of glory,
Music-gladdened by acclaim
Of cheering multitudes,
They traveled on
Are near forgotten now.
They had all things
That they who lead must have
Save this one thing of love,
And lacking that

They all missed immortality.
The gentle Christ had love
And while men live
He'll be with them
Each cycle of the sun;
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God has some scheme
Of things in general,
We may not fathom,
But this shines brightly
That, from time to time,
He sends to us
Some more than man
To teach us all that love
Is a most wondrous thing.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Century Birthday.

1809—1909.

One hundred years ago! Of Time
A century is spent
Since fair Kentucky gained a son
And future President.

His birth not that of noble-life
As man knows sons of caste,
With wealth endowed, a stranger to
Life's early toil and fast.

But lowly born—a cabin's home—
Himself to teach and rule;
A child of thought, a man self-taught
He proved the lawyer cool.

Great life enwrought of nature-dower!
Great life of spirit-might,
Full six feet four (from earth to tower)
Yet kind and just. May night's

Oblivion never veil from man
The memory of this son;
Whose life a type, to-day, portrays
What great good men have done.
Life's truth was his. Its gift of faith
Did thought and deed control.
And now to-day, his world (at peace)
Time's Memory-Glass doth hold.

We see him statesman, wise and just.
Twice-chosen on life's way;
A people's President, to guard
From sectional warfare's fray.

Of him the helpless sought redress,
For he had faith, to see,
A man's a man, whate'er his race,
Or his condition be.

Blest life! So great, yet kind and true
And loving unto man;
Which honoring God and Home and State
Met Death at Murder's hand.

As on that first night of his rest,
(From grief of battle's name)
He turned for a brief space, to rest,
Death swiftly to him came.

Not Death who comes to all plain-tossed
Who may not surcease find,
Nor Death who comes when life is lost
In warfare of mankind.

A life was spent which knew no ill
Toward any son of man;
A startled people turned too late
To foil th' assassin's plan.

A nation wept in grief's lament,
At awful crimes wrought deed;
While loyal mourning veiled the land
By men of every creed.

Ne'er gaining conscious thought; token
Of what great ill was done,
The martyred President slept in death
As day was just begun.

The man of Peace, who yet could war
For right, has passed away—
The Promise Prayer from Gettysburg
Thrills hearts of men to-day.

May ne'er the name of Lincoln fade
From memories of mankind;
But to the youth of every age
Be taught his life. Enshrined

Within each heart, always abide
His God of Heaven and earth;
Whose Word with life of Washington,
Gave him his dual worth.

May love and faith and fealty
A people's trust portray,
As memory weaves the laurel-wreath
To crown his century day.
IDA GLOVER SEABURY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By SCHUYLER E. SEARS

He climbed the heights of holy
sacrifice
And love for shackled beings of
this earth,
For lowly of the land that gave
him birth,
To realms as boundless as the
starry skies;
The altitudes of Freedom's para-
dise,
Wherein is brotherhood of hu-
man worth,
He sealed with impulse from his
humble hearth,
And marked the path in which
our glory lies.
As year by year he looms so far
ahead
Of all our selfishness, and sham,
and hate,
We cast aside our seeming sense
of dread,
Lamenting footsteps hesitant
and late,
And strive to keep the lonely path
he trod
In leading this lost world to peace
and God.

SHale, Margery

PRAYER FOR FEBRUARY

The Postal 2/6/37

"In memory of that great and
noble man

Prayer For February 12

*In memory of that great and noble man
Who gave his life that the slave might
be freed from bondage,*

And that the government of the people,

by the people, and for the people,

Might endure,

We ask thy protection for our cherished democracy,

*And for those principles of liberty in which that beloved
president*

So firmly believed.

*Especially wilt Thou protect that freedom which is denied
in a dictatorship—*

The freedom to worship and serve Thee as we choose,

So that our prayers and songs and deeds may truly come

From a joyous and overflowing heart.

Bless, then, we pray, this land and its loyal citizens,

In the name of Jesus Christ, thy Son. Amen.

Margery Shale (age 15), Wisconsin.

LINCOLN

"Strong as the rails he split,
Tender as the fledglings he placed back in the nest,
Patient as the hills he climbed,
Clear as the mountain brooks he waded,
Humorous as the gentle laughter at the heart of things,
Wise as the seven Wise Men without their foolishness,
Plain as a blue-back spelling book,
Determined as a thirsty root in quest of water,
Impartial as gravity,
Just as Aristides and meek as Moses,
Artless as homespun and eloquent as mercy,
Transparent as noonday and sweet with the forgiveableness
of the Lord Christ.
Has not our Abraham received an inheritance as boundless
as the race and as ongoing as the years?
Fred F. Shannon.

Bulletin of First Presbyterian Church, Muncie, Ind.
Sunday, Feb. 12, 1933

Epworth=Euclid Methodist Episcopal Church

Prospect Avenue and East 55th Street
Cleveland Ohio

LOUIS C. WRIGHT } PASTORS MAMIE MCGUIRE, DEACONESS
GEORGE W. SWITZER } MAYME ROGERS, MISSIONARY, KOREA
CLARENCE E. HALL, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY
OFFICE PHONE, RAND. 148

FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING
Sunday, February Eleventh, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

On the Highway of the Ages,
Lonely stands this man of Men,
(Only One there looms above him,
One, the Master of us all).

Wisdom, all her brains did lend him,
Strength, his mighty hands did send him,
Voice he had to shake the Nations,
He foretold and he fulfilled,
Loving Peace with all his nature,
He chose war at Duty's call.

Such a giant! All must fear him!
No, a little child could lead him,
For his powers and his dominions
All were ruled by Christly heart.

Honor's robe upon his shoulders,
Victory's sword within his grasp,
Never changed his simple manners,
Never turned his steadfast head.

Tall, his head above the mountains,
Feet ne'er left the common earth,
For he was so very human,
Sorrow, laughter, side by side.

Would you know his fame's foundation?
Here it is—*an honest man*.

We can never truly know him,
Never scan his height, his breadth,
But the whole world's love goes to him,
And his spirit in our lives
Cannot help but make us nobler
Brothers to all sons of Men.

—John A. Shedd.



LINCOLN LIVES TODAY

+

BILLY SHELPER

Founder and Superintendent

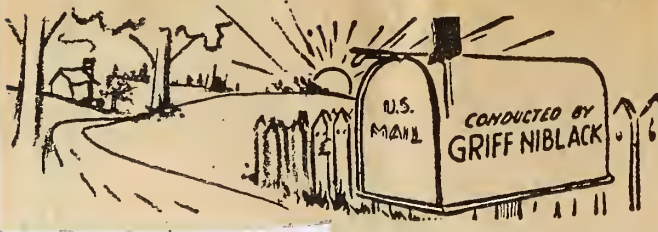
Home Sweet Home City Rescue Mission, Inc.
Bloomington, Illinois

+

Lincoln dead, why no,
He is more real today, although
In flesh he left us many years ago.
But years are only days to those above,
Who go before with martyrs love,
For those who live and love and go,
Are surely those who really know,
Today as in the days of fifty-nine,
With torch in hand, through every line,
He leads us on as he did then,
To tell the whole wide world of men
In SLAVERY BOUND, they cry today
O! GOD! just send another man our way,
From out of bondage lead, as LINCOLN led
Those helpless, tawny men up from the dead,
To VICTORY lead, to heights unknown
Where seeds of confidence might be sown
In HEARTS of men so hard and cold have
grown,

Yes, Martyred LINCOLN come today
And lead us on the BRIGHTER WAY,
Of honesty and truth, where man to man
Will truly say, I WILL, I CAN.

HOOSIER HOMESPUN



be better to eliminate this type altogether.

There are some things written today — not many perhaps, but some—that deserve careful reading. We read two books before leaving Brown County for Florida, which we enjoyed and read slowly, usually a chapter at a time. These were "The Dean's Watch" and "The Ugly American". Racing through either would have been fruitless, we felt. Were we a book reviewer for a library or newspaper, our methods might change.

Speed has taken us by storm. We travel fast, work fast, play the same way. Stopping to think and taste the things we encounter daily would surely not detract from the joy of living. Verily, we believe it would add to it.

Ann Thology, Nashville

OUR LINCOLN

*His bare feet heired the feel of
Hoosier soil;*

*His eyes caught all the moods
of Hoosier skies;*

*His hands were hard from honest
Hoosier toil;*

*His mind learned Hoosier trait
of keen surmise;*

*His heart waxed warm with hos-
pitality,*

*Gift of all Hoosiers, granted
them by Fate;*

*And Hoosierland's provinciality
Of tongue oft tinged his speech
till life was late.*

*So, since the twig into a tree
will grow,*

*True to the training it received
when young,*

*Hoosierland claims him . . .
great, and yet so low . . .*

*Loves him and lauds him with
one common tongue:*

*Our Abe, our little lad who grew
to be*

*Earth's champion of mankind's
equality.*

—Ruth Shelton

The Christian Advocate

February 3, 1921.



EVERYBODY'S LINCOLN

This medallion, by Victor D. Brenner, a Russian emigrant lad, who has become one of the great medalists of the world, is the likeness on the one-cent piece of the present bronze coinage of the United States.

On a Bronze Medal of Lincoln by Victor D. Brenner

This bronze our noble Lincoln's head doth bear;
Behold the strength and splendour of that face,
So homely-beautiful, with just a trace
Of humour lightening its look of care.
With bronze indeed his memory doth share,
This martyr who found freedom for a Race;
Both shall endure beyond the time and place
That knew them first, and brighter grow with wear.
Happy must be the genius here that wrought
These features of the great American
Whose fame lends so much glory to our past—
Happy to know the inspiration caught
From this most human and heroic man
Lives here to honour him while Art shall last.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

Sherman, F. D.

On a Bronze Medal

"This bronze our noble Lincoln's
head doth bear --"

Success, February, 1909.

ON A
BRONZE
MEDAL



BY
VICTOR D.
BRENNER

of LINCOLN
BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

THIS bronze our Lincoln's noble head doth bear.
Behold the strength and splendor of that face,
So homely-beautiful, with just a trace
Of humor lightening its look of care!
With bronze indeed his memory doth share,
This martyr who found freedom for a Race;
Both shall endure beyond the time and place
That knew them first, and brighter grow with wear.

Happy must be the genius here that wrought
These features of the great American
Whose fame lends so much glory to our past—
Happy to know the inspiration caught
From this most human and heroic man
Lives here to honor him while Art shall last.



The Mother of the Emancipator

BY

ELBERTA K. SHIPLEY

One wintry night, in cabin rude, when all her work was done
Brave Nancy Lincoln, by the fire, sat reading to her son,
She paused to hear him heave a sigh, and see his saddened looks,
The story she had read to him was from the Book of Books;
It told how Pharaoh, cruel King, with chain, and lash and rod
Had beaten, driven, and enslaved the Chosen Ones of God,
Until deliverance was sent by His Almighty Hand,
When Moses safely guided them unto the Promised Land.

She closed the Book and bade her boy to keep this truth in mind,
That by the Written Word of God all men could freedom find,
The Emancipator's Mother crept to her humble bed
And left him there to tend the fire and ponder what she'd read;
Abraham dwelt upon her words as he tended the fire,
The story of the Israelites did his young mind inspire,
And freedom's call, conceived that night, bore fruit in later years,
He nourished it with his heart's blood and fed it with his tears.

Her son, we know, throughout his life, this Book did often scan,
And through his acts, its teachings shone, when he became a man,
By stroke of pen, mid raging war, four million chains he broke,
And led the way for all mankind to loose the bondman's yoke;
Thus Nancy Lincoln's noble son, who did our Union save,
When he had won, dreamed still of her in lonely, forest grave;
He said in reverence, when the world heralded his fame,

"TO ANGEL MOTHER, I OWE ALL!
GOD'S BLESSINGS ON HER NAME!"

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198 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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radio, must be obtained from the author.

From an agent.
LTP

THE PHYSICAL LINCOLN.

His arms were strong-- to break his fettered chains--
His brain was quick to learn and understand,
His conscience was as clean as wind-swept plains--
His dreams were to defend and keep our land.

His eyes could look into the future years--
His face was lined from seeing soldier's graves;
His gaze was often blurred with unshed tears--
His hands removed the shackles from the slaves.

His ideals soared so high from lowly lot--
His justice --was the union of the free,
His knowledge gained by study dearly bought,
His love was boundless as the restless sea.

His meditations-- were for liberty--
His name-- in every land has been revered,
His ordinance obeyed-- to set men free--
His prayers were answered as he persevered.

His quietude-- this union planned to keep--
His righteous soul communed with Heaven above,
His sympathy was genuine and deep--
His teachings were with tenderness and love.

His ultimatum-- was for unity--
His vision was as broad as it was real,
His wisdom meant our future liberty--
His youth rewarded with untiring zeal!

Lenore B. Shurtliff,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

agent

Lenore, B. Shurtliff
1312 Olive Ave.
Ann Arbor, Mich (part time agent)

LINCOLN ACROSTIC.

Adversity had set it's seal on him
But proved to be a blessing in disguise—
Ransoming his soul from crudities
And moulding him, instead— strong, gentle, wise.
Honestly he strove— until his thoughts
Ascended high above his former state—
Making of a homely man, a chief;

Loving, sympathetic, honored, great,
Impulsively he did not once decide—
Nor did impatience ever move his hand;
Compassion seemed to mark his every act—
Ordained emancipator of our land;
Loyal service was his true intent—
Noble, righteous, martyred president.

Lenore B. Shurtliff,
1312 Olivia Ave.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

(Part time agent of L. N. L. Ins. Co.)

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Lenore B. Shurtliff,
1312 Olivia Ave.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Shurtliffe, Lenore

INSURANCE.

THIS IS YOUR NEED.

I am the thing that all men should possess--
For I'm affected not by market's flair,
But I build steadily as age goes on--
I give you courage and freedom from care.

If death o'ertakes you, still I earn my way--
I educate-- meet each emergency,
I'm financed easily-- I give you faith--
I guard your life-- make ease a certainty.

I save your home-- assure happiness--
Increase your income, insure where you roam,
If sadness comes, I still bring children joy--
For I kill want and worry in the home.

Child labor, I prevent, your loved ones know--
I lift the mortgage and I cancell debt,
I am the nucleus-- the noble way--
To see that in old age, your needs are met.

I protect little ones-- preserve the home--
I quiet fears and doubts, you'll realize,
I release capital-- require no care--
I create self-respect-- and stabilize.

Thrift, I develope , I earn sincere trust,
For I unite th family with my care -
My value does increase as time goes on,
The wisdom of my worth shows everywhere.

I am collectable, without expense,
The young who have me do not fear distress,
I am the zeal that works unceasingly--
I am the thing that all men should possess!

Lenore B. Shurtliff,
1312 Olivia Ave.
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Feb. 12th, 1946.

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Lenore B. Shurtliff,
1312 Olivia Ave.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Rev. J. A. ... 1895

◆◆
Lincoln.
◆◆

With sweet humility his mighty mind
Gave freedom's mandate to mankind;
Subdued the storms of hate and strife
And saved unsolled the nation's life!
He dreamed alone of liberty,
And gave his life to make men free;
While tyrants knew his magic word,
And cowering, trembled as they heard.

DAVID BANKS SICKELS.
◆◆

LINCOLN

The storm had broken,
Weak men cried aloud
For some strong spirit,
From this cringing crowd;
Some man of power
To defy the cloud!

A mighty figure,
Lonely...stood apart;
The weak were bartered
In a human mart:
This was the burden
Weighing on that heart!

A soul of iron—
Yet tender and meek—
Amid this chaos
The mob heard him speak:
Saw him brush tear-drops
From every slave's cheek!

Beheld the clouds fade
And light sift through;
Watched shackles broken—
Felt hope springing new:
Saw still each white star
Bathed in the flag's blue!

—Jay G. Sigmund.

Lincoln Acrostic

Author of the proclamation
Bringing end to slavery;
Risen to weld a weakening nation
All in union strong and free.
"Honest Abe," native as honest,
All wise—understanding—friend—
Mourned was his untimely end.

Let it not be said hereafter
In a page of history
Near one state came to disaster
Cause of lack of bravery.
Out the conflict came one union
Long to live; another son
Nighed in its heart his name,
Lincoln!

W. L. SILCOTT.

Denver. Post 2/12/60
(This wins contest award.)

The Dead President.

The noblest soul of all
When was there ever, since our Wash-
ington,
A man so pure, so wise, so patient—one
Who walked with this high goal in
sight.
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,
Though very heaven should fall.

Ah, not for him we weep;
What honor more could be in store for
him?
Who would have had him linger in our
dim
And troublesome world, when his great
work was done—
Who would not leave that worn and
weary one
Gladly to go to sleep?

Edward Rowland Sill.

Were there no crowns on earth,
No evergreen to wreath a hero wreath,
That he must pass beyond the gates of death,
Our hero, our slain hero, to be crowned?
Could there on our unworthy earth be found
Naught to befit his worth?

The noblest soul of all!
When was there ever since our Washington,
A man so pure, so wise, so patient - one
Who walked with this high good alone in sight,
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,
Though every heaven should fall.

Ah, not for him we weep;
What honor more could be in store for him?
Who would have had him linger in our dim
And troublesome world, when his great work was done-
Who would not leave that worn and weary one
Gladly to sleep?

For us the stroke was just;
We were not worthy of that patient heart;
We might have helped him more, not stood apart,
And coldly criticized his works and ways -
Too late now, all too late - our little praise
Too late now, all too late - our little praise
Sounds hollow o'er his dust.

Be merciful, O our God!
Forgive the meanness of our human hearts,
That never, till a noble soul departs,
See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings
Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs
Up from the mounded sod.

Yet want a deathless crown
Of Northern pine and Southern orange-flower,
For victory, and the land's new bridal-hour,
Would we have wreathed for that beloved brow!
Sadly upon his sleeping forehead now
We lay our cypress down.

O martyred one, farewell!
Thou has not left thy people quite alone,
Out of thy beautiful life there comes a tone
Of power, of love, of trust, a prophecy,
Whose fair fulfilment all the earth shall be,
And all the future tell.

The Evangelical, February 7, 1922.

Lincoln.

The noblest soul of all.

When was there ever, since our Washington,
A man so pure, so wise, so patient—one
Who walked with his high goal alone in sight,
To speak, to do, to sanction only right,
Though very heaven should fall!

—Edward Rowland Sill.

Simmons, Laura

LINCOLN'S Birthday should never pass without a new recognition of the great man's gifts. *Life* (New York) brings forward this one:

LINCOLN

BY LAURA SIMMONS

Surely upon his shoulders, gaunt and worn
The seamless garment touched, invisibly!
Surely he came upon Gethsemane!
And was there not one single piercing thorn
From that dark wreath of anguish, for his brow?
Within that grail of bitterness, we know
Was held one drop that he alone must drain:
While from the crowd, the stinging jibe again—
With lurking thrust that sped him to his fate.
Friend of the friendless, meek, compassionate—
Ours be the tragic grief—the haunting thought:
"He dwelt among us—and we knew him not!"

Library Digest 2-19-21



The Spirit of Lincoln

By Lester J. Skidmore

The spirit of immortal Lincoln lives
E'en though his mortal frame long since was dust;
The luster of his life forever gives
A splendor that o'ershadows greed and lust.
The impress that he left will e'er remain;
Unknowingly we follow in his tread;
And 'though the selfish heart still strives for gain,
The spirit of the man survives the dead.

With all the strife that still begets the world,
The works of Lincoln point to higher things;
And in that day when battle flags are furled
And we are done with potentates and kings,
Mankind will live the justice that he taught
And liberate the slaves of pomp and greed.
The service to humanity he wrought
Shall live again in every thought and deed.

The heart of great America beats true,
With Lincoln's spirit still a guiding light;
The hope of all the world is turning to
This mighty nation, standing for the right.
And this one man, shaped from the common clay,
Has left an impress time cannot efface;
His vibrant spirit, moulding thought today,
Proclaims his worth to all the human race.

Porterville (Calif) Messenger
Feb. 17 1923.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1923.

THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN

By Lester J. Skidmore

For The Republican

James C. Lee

The spirit of immortal Lincoln lives
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The Presidents in Rhyme

First, the great Washington appears,
And Adams serves for four brief years.
The House elects then Jefferson,
And Louisiana's grandly won.
Madison's is the next great name,
A war drags through, with checkered fame.
Then James Monroe assumes the chair,
His famous doctrine to declare.
A second Adams next is chief
(Thanks to the House). His term is brief.
The next is Jackson, who declares
We are a nation, and who dares
Nullification's host to fight.
Van Buren next and panic's blight.
Then comes the hero of Tippecanoe,
Brave Harrison—and Tyler, too.
Death claims our chief; and Texas, far,
To grace our banner, adds her star.
Polk takes the helm. The Mexican War
Brings us a vast Pacific shore.
Oregon rounds our vast domain.
Then Taylor and Fillmore. Once again
Comes the death angel! Fillmore tries
To heal our quarrels with compromise.
Pierce brings hope of a better day,
But Kansas-Nebraska is in the way.
Buchanan essays to calm the strife,
But secession aims at the nation's life.
Abraham Lincoln guides our ship
Through seas of blood, on its fearful trip.
But falls a martyr, when war is done,
And the land is saved, and the victory won.
Johnson fills out the lingering years,
And Grant, the hero of war, appears.
Then Hayes by the narrowest margin wins,
And a newer national life begins.
Garfield and Arthur come next in view,
But the first is slain ere the year is through.
Cleveland is next, then Harrison,
Then Cleveland again is the favored one.
McKinley carries our banner far
O'er distant seas, in the Spanish War,
But falls a victim of murderous hate,
And Roosevelt takes the chair of state.
Such is the presidential line
From the days of 1789.

—[Hubert M. Skinner.

5/4/09

Christian Advocate

Slagle, E. H.

Abraham Lincoln

"He was born in a cabin, a son of
the soil -"

Abraham Lincoln

He was born in a cabin, a son of the soil,
Enduring the hardships of pitiless toil;
Rough hewn, was he, like the logs his ax
cleft in twain,
Was this man of the hour, of bigness and
brain.
The strife of a nation on his shoulders was
lain;
He walked in the night hours, in travail and
pain
When the clouds of secession hung o'er like
a pall,
His faith saw the peace-dove would rest
over all.
'Midst the carnage of battle, he walked to
and fro,
His great heart full of pity, at sorrow and
woe;
He gave cheer to the wounded, shed tears
for the dead
'Till grim war was ended, and peace reigned
instead.
Cruel was the fate that his noble life ended,
Mournful the nation, with honor defended;
Happy are the chattels that he freed by his
pen;
Glorious our Country, United again.

E. HARVEY SLAGLE.

Los Angeles Times
Sunday Magazine,
February 8, 1931.

Lincoln and His Shadow

*Lincoln, striding in the sun,
Watched his shadow, angled,
thin;
Stovepipe hat and pipestem
legs,
Straggling beard that masked
his chin.*

*Lincoln chuckled, crooked an
arm,
Shook a threatening fist, and
spoke.
"Abe, you're such a homely
cuss,
You would frighten gentle-
folk."*

*Lincoln, humble, could not see
His greater shadow, length-
ened, whole,
Casting through the centuries
The stately imprint of his
soul.*

Goldie Capers Smith

LINCOLN

Immortal Lincoln! when we see thy face
So sad and careworn, yet withal so kind,
We feel that somehow a divine-like grace
To thee, emancipator of a race,
Was given for the great task assigned.

Of lowly birth, 'neath some propitious star,
Called by a people to preserve the state,
You, in the galaxy of fame, shall far,
Outlast the name of Emperor and Czar,
And unborn centuries proclaim thee great!

Not great for armies led and vict'rys won
By arms and conquest, such as kings sport make;
But by that higher ethics of the soul
That makes each brother-man part of the whole,
Exalting all mankind for love's own sake.

No granite cenotaph needs rise for thee.
The magic name of Lincoln it will live
To stir all hearts with patriotic zeal,
And a desire to serve the common-weal,
Long after granite passes through Time's sieve.

And so we crown thee at the feet of Him
Who died upon the cross to save mankind.
O thou, who gave thyself upon the pyre
Of love for others, holy thy soul's fire!
Within the hearts of men a crypt shall find.

—MILES R. SMITH.

Unlearned in the cant and quip of schools;
Uncouth, if only city ways refine;
Ungodly, if 'tis creeds that make divine;
In station poor, as judged by human rules:
And yet a giant towering o'er them all;
Clean, strong in mind, just, merciful, sub-
lime;
The noblest product of the age and time;
Invoked of God in answer to men's call.

O simple world, and will you ever learn,
Schools can but guide, they cannot mind
create?

'Neath roughest rock the choicest treasures
wait;

In meanest forms we priceless gems discern;

Nor time, nor age, condition, rank nor birth,

Can hide the truly noble of the earth.

(The foregoing poem entitled Lincoln, was written by the late W. Hazelton Smith of Franklin Street, Buffalo. It was later published by O. H. Oldroid in his book, The Poets' Lincoln.)

Smith, W. H.

LINCOLN

"Unlearned in the cant and quip
of schools —"

National Magazine

February, 1926.

LINCOLN

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schools,

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—Wilbur Hazelton Smith

L I N C O L N

When the black brothers of God
Were bartered on the auction block
And cruel lash drew human blood
A gaunt colossus
Strode across the page of history
Leaving clear traces of the Infinite!

His giant frame
Was built for heavy loads,
His bent shoulders
Revealed the crushing weight;

His cosmic love
Embraced the lowliest.
The humble owned him as their friend,
And sages harkened to his word!

His feet were moulds of common clay
His soul, the artistry of heaven!

A testament of freedom's cause
He wrote with the oppressor's blood
And sealed it with his own!
Then fetters fell!
Millions walked free!
When God grew tired of slavery!

P. M. Snider
Tacoma, Wash.
1713 No. Cedar.

*I wrote this during the
past week. 3/29/49.
P.M.S.*

P. M. SNIDER
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Lincoln Nat'l Lib

3/29/49

Gentlemen:

I know you are creating a library of Lincolniana, so I am enclosing a verse ^{"Lincoln"} that I wrote this week, which you may, or may not, wish to file. If not, please be free to return it to me.

Yours

P. M. Snider

1713 N. Cedar
Tacoma

Wash.

Any comments would be appreciated.

EmD.

Mother of Abraham Lincoln.

Her day began as amber-tinted Dawn,
Sifted yellow streaks through virgin forests,
And ended when the searching stars looked down,
Awaking music stored within her soul;
Shedding Heaven's rays of magic light,
Revealing vistas of the Infinite.

Forests told her all their wondrous secrets,
And scented silence taught her poise and grace,
While Nature's wind harps chanted "De Profundis."

Birds filled the space with sweetest song;
Symphonic 'mid the beauty of the lay,
She heard the plaintive coos of nearby doves,
Whose tender calls re-echoed all the day.

Flattery's fawning face, nor grandeur's show,
Lest the grandeur of the sunset glow,
Nor greedy passions of the noisy mart,
Nor Fortune's pride of place, corrupt her haert.

She reigned supreme within the rugged wild,
Drawing water from the wayside well,
Hearing lessons for her growing child.

And when at last her lowly tasks were done,
She made her lavish will and left mankind
A matchless gift, her much-loved, honest son.

—Katharine Higgins Sommers.

EMANCIPATOR WEDGE Or "THE BIG JOB"

When Treason burst forth with a jar as of thunder,
The people were shocked with a horrible wonder,
And cried for a man to split it asunder.

"Oh give us a heart that reason guides,
A mind that is calm, and a will that prevails":
And Lo, from the West, came the "Man of Rails."

So Abraham stood, as of old, in the wood;
His ax sharp and his maul good,
And his muscle the best in the neighborhood.

The bark was rough, and the grain was tough,
And he pounded away "'till it made him "puff":
But his heart blows were not heavy enough.

He smote at the ends, and he smote at the edges,
As he swung in the air his ponderous sledges;
But instead of the log, he kept splitting the edges.

"I'll rest me awhile," he said "and bring
An end to this useless worrying.
And take a long look at this cursed thing.

So he turned it over, and turned it around,
He stood on the log, and he stood on the ground,
'Till he spied a black knot, and the secret was found.

Then he clapped a new wedge in the treacherous spot
And split with a blow, both the log and the knot;
The best wedge in the world is a well driven thought.

— PROF. J. B. SOULE.

*Presented to Mrs. Martha Ann Guthrie
414 W 3rd St
Wichita Kas.*

